



the St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer says that down from the wheat is now in market, and the price is superior (almost equal to the best St. Louis). It is said by those who have the pacific means of judging, that Minnesota wheat will take a high rank in Eastern and Southern markets.





# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1893.

STATE FAIR.

The State Fair opens with prospects exceedingly bright. The weather is unusually propitious—the entries numerous, and the concourse of people increasing every hour. The accommodation on the ground and the fixtures in the halls are in first-rate order.

The probability is, judging from the entries made, that we shall have a splendid show of horses, cattle and sheep—a very good show of manufactured articles, though perhaps the number of articles may not be so great as heretofore—a good show of dairy products, but rather a light display of vegetables, fruits and horticultural products.

The general programme of the Fair for each day, will be as follows:

On Tuesday, Sept. 20, the Stock will be arranged by the superintendents, and the committee commence their examinations. The track will be open to horses presented for exhibition.

On Wednesday, Sept. 21, trial of strength and discipline of Oxen. Examination and trial of Stock Horses by the judges. Continuation of examination of Cattle, Sheep, Swine and other stock by the several committees.

On Thursday, Sept. 22, Trials of Speed on the track for the Society's premium, (for which see pamphlet circulars,) and continued exhibition of Cattle, Sheep, Swine and other stock by the several committees.

On Friday, Sept. 23, Grand Trotting Contest for the outsiders' purse, as follows:—The best Trotting Horse or Mare, raised and always owned in Maine: 1st prize, a purse of \$200, entrance fee \$10; 2d prize \$100, entrance \$5; 3d prize \$50, entrance \$3—beats in harness, best 3 in 5. Also, a purse of \$50 for best Trotting Horse or Mare, 4 years old and under, raised and always owned in Maine—beats in harness, best 2 in 3—entrance \$3. Sweepstakes.—A purse of \$200 is offered for the best Trotting Horse or Mare of any age, wherever raised or owned—beats in harness, best 3 in 5—entrance fee \$10.

**Trial of Plows.**—During the Exhibition there will be a systematic and thorough trial of Plows, continuing several days, under the special superintendence of Calvin Chamberlain, Esq., one of the Trustees. The competition is open to all the plow makers in the world, and all are invited to attend. This trial will make a new and interesting feature in the exhibition.

## THE PROSPECT.

As we go to press this Monday evening, everything is in such a state of bustle and confusion, both at the State House, where the manufactured articles, etc. are deposited, and at the cattle and show grounds, that it is difficult to judge how the Fair as a whole, may compare with previous exhibitions of the Society; but we are satisfied, from such investigations as we have been able to make, that it will be, to say the least, a successful one. The exhibition of horses and neat cattle in particular, will be superior. Last year, in those departments, the Fair was thought to excel that of any former season, but we have no doubt, from present appearances, that, both as to numbers and quality, the present exhibition will exceed the last.

The picture gallery in the Senate Chamber has a large number of entries, and will be a superior feature of attraction. There is already a goodly show in the machinery department, as of the products of the farm and the dairy; and the ladies have not been unkind of the important part which it is their duty to take in these State Fairs in their contributions.

We shall give a full and detailed account of the Exhibition in our next, including a complete list of the Premiums awarded.

## OPENING OF THE FAIR.

The time for receiving Entries has been extended by the Trustees from 10 o'clock A. M. to 2 o'clock, P. M. of Tuesday.

The Grounds will be open for visitors at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Halls will be open at 2 o'clock, P. M. Tickets to be obtained only at the Ticket offices. No money for admission will be received by the door or gate-keepers.

**OFFICERS OF THE STATE SOCIETY.** The officers of the Maine State Agricultural Society are as follows: Thos. S. Lang, of North Vassalboro', President; Ezekiel Holmes, Winthrop, Secretary; Wm. T. Johnson, Augusta, Treasurer. The Trustees consist of T. S. Lang, ex officio; Sam'l F. Perley, Naples; C. V. Chamberlain, Foxcroft; John F. Anderson, South Windham; Abner C. Burnham, Bloomfield.

For the information of those who have business with these gentlemen and who are personally unacquainted with them, we are requested to state that during the Fair they may be recognized by a red ribbon worn on the right lapel of their coats.

The office of the Secretary is in the south wing of the State House in the room occupied by the Adjutant General.

**PICTURE GALLERY OF THE FAIR.** The plan adopted by the Trustees of devoting the Senate Chamber to pictures and kindred works of art is an admirable one. Artists had not a fair chance last year for their display. But the commodious Room of the Senate Chamber allows the amplest latitude and longitude. To visitors we say look to the Senate, where you will find gems of art in great abundance—and where you will also find your money's worth. The fair ticket passes you to the picture gallery also.

**THE GREAT EASTERN.** The Persia, which arrived at New York on Monday last brings intelligence that the Great Eastern will leave Europe on the 25th inst. for Portland. This delay is favorable to our State Fair, and we shall expect a good co-operation from Portland.

**PICKPOCKETS AGAIN.** We learn that the pickpockets began their State Fair campaign on Monday by making several pockets lighter on the down train from Portland on that day. People who go into crowds should take but small pickings for this gentry.

**THEATRE.** Messrs. Myers, Pratt & Boniface's Theatrical Troupe have given several performances in Augusta the past week, and will repeat their entertainment on each evening this week. Those who have attended say that this is the best theatrical exhibition that has visited Augusta for many years.

**LIQUOR AGENT.** The office of Liquor Agent for the city of Augusta, made vacant by the decease of SAMUEL BLANDING, was filled by vote of the Board of Aldermen, on Monday, with the choice of CHARLES HANSEN, Esq.

## CRIMES OF YOUNG MEN.

We had occasion some weeks ago to notice a case of breach of trust and larceny on the part of a young man employed in the apothecary store of Mr. Eben Fuller. In consequence of his crime, the young man became a fugitive from justice. He was last week arrested in New York and brought back to Augusta to answer for his offense. Waiving examination he was recognized in the sum of \$800 to appear before the S. J. Court at its next session.

We have now to chronicle another case involving crime of equal degree, perpetrated by another young man upon the property of one who had been for a short time his employer. We are informed that a boy, aged about 16 years, son of a very respectable citizen of Augusta, having been for some weeks in the employment of Mr. Samuel S. Brooks, improved the opportunity by obtaining the duplicate of his post office key, with which he has since been in the habit of opening Mr. Brooks' mail and appropriating money from the letters. He confesses to having taken \$68 in money, besides a draft of \$1000 which was not available to him. Upon being arrested he waived examination and recognized in the sum of \$1000 to appear before the U. S. Circuit Court, a term of which commences in Portland this week.

Cases of this kind are always held up as warnings to the young, and much good is hoped to result from the example of offenders reaping the sad consequences of ill-doing. But we are inclined to think that directly the young profit very little from such examples. It may be a question whether in fact evil example does not, in the young, suggest and induce crime full more than, as a warning, it deters from it. And were there none but the young to appeal to, we might feel it our duty to suppress all accounts of juvenile delinquencies.

It is for another purpose that we chronicle the cases referred to—it is that those who have the care of our youth shall "lay it to heart." When those thus circumstanced allow minors to dispose of their hours without question or observation, and permit them to choose their companionships without supervision, they avoid the performance of a duty, the neglect of which is not far removed from crime. We fear we have many youngsters in our midst who are destitute of such observation or supervision—who, when the studies of the day are accomplished, are turned out upon the air of night and the darkening association of dangerous persons, as if their susceptible spirits and unregulated desires were proof against temptation. Many a young man whose salary does not exceed seventy-five or a hundred dollars, is allowed to go unquestioned while indulging in horse hire, and other forms of pleasure, and in clothes and gewgaw, to support which calls for the expenditure of a much larger sum. Many a young man is allowed to hang out with associates of questionable character and to keep late hours away from the observation of judicious friends. Parents and guardians who suffer such practices on the part of the objects of their care, have a fearful responsibility upon their souls.

**DR. HAYEN'S LECTURE.** At the Congregational Church, last Sabbath evening, the Rev. Dr. Haven of Boston, addressed "The Young Men's Christian Association." The sermon was founded on the words of Peter, "Let no man despise thy youth," and was an able, clearly arranged, and well compacted discourse on the question of seeking the approbation of others.

The desire for approbation, it was maintained, is a part of our nature—a universal and constitutional element, and therefore not to be eradicated, as some argue, on account of the evils which result from its undue and improper exercise, but to be restrained and regulated.

The youth is not to seek the coarse laugh of the vulgar nor the ridicule of the ignorant—he is not to court the popular breath nor fear the shafts of prejudice; he is to pursue such a course of living, as, known and understood, shall command the approbation of the virtuous; he is to build up a character as shall stand the test of the future.

But to secure the approbation of the good, the wise, and virtuous in this manner, is not easy. Old men have their temptations, and their follies, and young men have put forth not infrequently the soundest decisions and the noblest action; still in this country there is a tendency to over-estimate the value of youth. From its very nature it must encounter many obstacles, such as a volatile disposition, instability of purpose, and a tendency to inconsiderate action. These must be guarded against and overcome.

Young men were exhorted, in conclusion, to live and act with reference to the tribunal of posterity, where the wicked are condemned and the virtuous justified, and still more with reference to a Higher Tribunal.

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**JOHN MANN.** In our local items of last week mention was made of the arrest of John Mann on charge of murdering John Allen of Township No. 28, his poison. The Eastern Sentinel, since received, states that the stomach of the deceased had been submitted to a thorough analytical examination, and the most careful research failed to show any indication of poison. Prof. Hayes, conducted the analysis and considers the result convincing.

**THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.** The Portland Advertiser states that a little two-pounder of a child was born in Portland week before last. The Bangor Times cuts under, and states that nine weeks ago a child was born in West Bangor weighing one pound, and that it now has attained to the respectability of two pounds and a half.

**A NEW "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."** Mr. George Wilkes, Editor in chief of "Porter's Spirit of the Times," New York, has withdrawn from that paper, and started a new publication of similar character and calls it "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times." There are now three "Spirits" in New York devoted to the turf, field sports, &c., viz: "The Spirit of the Times," "Porter's Spirit of the Times," and "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times."

**FLORA TEMPLE AND PRINCESS.** At a recent trot in Philadelphia between these famous races, the first heat was won by Flora in 2:41. The crowd of ten thousand believing they were humbugged made some demonstrations accordingly, and on the next heat Flora won in 2:31. On the third heat the mare made all happy by going down to 2:25 distancing her competitor.

## MAINE STATE ELECTION.

The Bangor Whig of Monday published returns from 382 towns, with the following recapitulation:

Town.	1888.	1892.	1893.
Androscoggin, 14	3245	2250	2721
Arroostook, 14	448	664	497
Cumberland, 18	206	642	649
Franklin, 18	2105	1723	2083
Hancock, 30	3608	2632	2831
Hennepin, 25	1659	2014	2124
Lincoln, 26	4311	4542	3906
Oxford, 35	4031	3370	2746
Piscataquis, 40	5888	4619	5687
Piscataquis, 18	1487	1042	1292
Sagadahoc, 11	1853	1118	1871
Somerset, 23	3490	2812	3552
Succonnet, 20	4613	4080	4385
Washington, 32	3168	2889	2771
York, 24	5949	5980	5335
	382	57,051	48,056

Mr. Morrill's majority in the above towns is 11,441, and the places to be heard from are expected to be nearly equally divided.

**SENATORS ELECTED.**  
York—Thos. Wells, J. O'Brien, Clement Morton.  
Cumberland—Charles Hammond, Morrill Smith.  
Edward Anderson, Samuel F. Perley.  
Lincoln, Sagadahoc and part of Androscoggin—Henry Kennedy, Robert E. Rider, Jesse S. Lyford, Joseph Barker.  
Kennebec—Joshua H. Drummond, Jas. A. Bicknell, Calvin Hopkins.  
Waldo—Hansford Elder, Allen Davis, Thomas M. Marshall.  
Anson—Amos B. Simpson, John Bridges.  
Washington—John F. Harris, Joseph M. Livermore.  
Piscataquis—John Thell, James Trus, Wm. C. Hammond.  
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**REPRESENTATIVES.**  
Somerset—Henry Williams, John Totman.  
Franklin—William W. Porter.  
York—Samuel E. Holt, Thos. Mealand.  
Arroostook—Samuel Whitcomb.

**COUNTY OFFICERS ELECTED.**  
The list is probably as follows:

**REPUBLICANS.**  
Cumberland—County Attorney, Moses M. Butler; County Commissioner, Jeremiah Barker; County Treasurer, Isaac F. Quimby.  
York—Quimby, J. M. Deering; Treasurer, J. M. Deering.  
Oxford—Commissioner, Gilbert Barrett; William A. Pidgeon.  
Kennebec—Commissioner, Ezekiel Hubbard; Treasurer, Daniel Pike; Clerk of Courts, William M. Stratton.  
Piscataquis—Commissioner, Solomon Dunning; Treasurer, Andrew C. Flint.  
Somerset—Commissioner, Benj. F. Leadbetter; Treasurer, C. H. Vaughan; Clerk of Courts, James W. Merrill; Register of Deeds, John F. Harris.  
Franklin—Commissioner, Clifford B. Norton; Attorney, Sewall Cram.  
Waldo—Commissioner, William M. Rust; Commissioner, E. W. Felt; Treasurer, Alfred Patterson.  
Washington—Commissioner, James Sargent; Treasurer, J. Sargent Sargent.  
Hancock—Commissioner, Barney S. Hill; Treasurer, Nathaniel K. Sawyer; Clerk of Courts, Parker W. Perley.  
Piscataquis—Commissioner, George W. Wingate; Treasurer, C. O. Palmer; Clerk of Courts, Ephraim Flint.  
Androscoggin—Commissioner, Augustus Sprague; Treasurer, Philip A. Briggs; Judge of Probate, Edward T. Little.  
Sagadahoc—Commissioner, Sumner Adams; Treasurer, Charles Cobb.

**DEMOCRATS.**  
Lincoln—Commissioner, John R. Coffin; Treasurer, Edmund Dany; Attorney, John F. Coffin.  
Anson—Thomas M. Hendry.

The list is not yet complete, and we defer its publication until next week. It will probably embrace about 120 republicans and 31 democrats.

**NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.** In respect to a Fair of this Society, which will be held at Waterville, next month, the Waterville Mail speaks as follows:

This is the Fair for which the citizens of this and neighboring towns should feel and do feel directly responsible. We have before asserted that the interests of the local fairs should have our first care and attention, for the reason that out of their success, and from no other source, must come the prosperity of the State society. In this success it had its origin, and till this success was demonstrated nobody dared move for a State institution. The origin of the State society was kept in view; and we feel confident that when the State society takes any other position than that of a result, its decline will have commenced. For this reason, as well as others, the parent society should be perpetually kept in view; so that it may not make an annual draft upon the interests of this or that local society upon which it casts its patronage. Let it swallow up at once one of these societies; and we see no better place for the fairs than in the State, and the number and ages of its members, and from no other source, must come the prosperity of the State society. In this success it had its origin, and till this success was demonstrated nobody dared move for a State institution. The origin of the State society was kept in view; and we feel confident that when the State society takes any other position than that of a result, its decline will have commenced. For this reason, as well as others, the parent society should be perpetually kept in view; so that it may not make an annual draft upon the interests of this or that local society upon which it casts its patronage. Let it swallow up at once one of these societies; and we see no better place for the fairs than in the State, and the number and ages of its members, and from no other source, must come the prosperity of the State society.

But the "parent" society, where we already have one too many. There let it build itself up, as it must and will, just in proportion to the vigor of the local societies, and from no other source, must come the prosperity of the State society. In this success it had its origin, and till this success was demonstrated nobody dared move for a State institution. The origin of the State society was kept in view; and we feel confident that when the State society takes any other position than that of a result, its decline will have commenced. For this reason, as well as others, the parent society should be perpetually kept in view; so that it may not make an annual draft upon the interests of this or that local society upon which it casts its patronage. Let it swallow up at once one of these societies; and we see no better place for the fairs than in the State, and the number and ages of its members, and from no other source, must come the prosperity of the State society.

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## THAINS FOR THE STATE FAIR.

During the continuance of the State Fair in this city, commencing on Tuesday, extra trains will run on the Kennebec & Portland Railroad as follows:

Leave Portland for Augusta.	6.00 A. M.
" " " "	7.07
" " " "	6.40
" Brunswick " "	7.40
" " " "	8.20
" Gardiner " "	8.54
" " " "	9.10
" Augusta for Portland, Bath and Brunswick, at 5.00 P. M.	

Besides the above, the passenger train, each way, will start at the usual hour, leaving Augusta at 11.30 A. M., and Portland at 1 P. M.

The fares have been reduced to accommodate all who wish to attend the Fair, and tickets, good for the trip to Augusta and return, will be sold at the various stations along the road at the following rates:—

Portland, \$2.00	Topsam, 1.00
Westbrook, 2.00	Bowdoinham, .75
Falmouth, 1.80	Harvard's Road, .75
Cumberland, 1.75	Richmond, .50
Yarmouth, 1.60	Dresden, .50
Prospect, 1.45	So. Gardiner, .40
Oak Hill, 1.40	Gardiner, .25
Brunswick, 1.00	Hallowell, .15
Bath, 1.10	

**SOMERSET & KENNEBEC ROAD.**

Extra trains leave the several stations as follows: Skowhegan for Augusta, at 7.00 A. M.  
Piscataquis, " " 7.38  
Somerset Mills, " " 7.50  
Kendall's Mills, " " 8.00  
Waterville, " " 8.10  
Winslow, " " 8.15  
Vassalboro', " " 8.35  
Seven Mile Brook, " " 8.45  
Returning, leaves Augusta for Skowhegan at 5 P. M.  
Fares for to Augusta and return, as follows: From Skowhegan, 1.75; Piscataquis, 1.50; Somerset Mills, 1.00; Kendall's Mills, 1.00; Waterville, 75; Winslow, 70; Vassalboro', 50; Seven Mile Brook, 35.

The regular Passenger train, on which tickets are forwarded at the same rates, leave Skowhegan at 9.15 A. M., and returns from Augusta at 3.50 P. M.

The cattle train returns from Augusta on Saturday, Sept. 24, at 11 o'clock A. M.

**RECEPTION OF THE GREAT EASTERN.** In view of the coming of the Great Eastern, the Portland City Council have provided that a public dinner and ball be given by the citizens and under their direction; that the City Council cause suitable salutes to be fired, the bells to be rung and the public buildings be decorated; that the City Council request a general illumination by the citizens on one evening; that a committee of reception and entertainment be appointed; that the City Council make the necessary arrangements for steamer excursions in the harbor and bay; that there be a military encampment during the time the Great Eastern is there, provided the military will turn out for such an occasion, and that—dollars be appropriated for the purpose. It was also voted to extend invitations to the President of the United States and his Cabinet, to Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, to the Governors of the several States in the Union, to the Governor General of Canada and Ministry, to Gen. Williams, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America, and to the Governors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with Ministry, to visit the city and view this eighth wonder of the world.

**GRAGG'S AMERICAN CORN HUSKER.** We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in our advertising columns of Gragg's American Corn Husker. We have examined the machine and think we can confidently recommend it to the farmers of Maine as a useful time and labor-saving invention. It seems to combine, more than any other implement that we have ever seen for the same purpose, the advantages of simplicity of construction, cheapness and efficiency. By it a boy can do the work of three men, taking the corn from the pile, husking it, and throwing the ear to another pile, with only three motions of the hand. Another advantage of it is, that the silk and husk are both removed at once, and the latter in a whole state suitable to be preserved for use, thus avoiding any pain in the hand such as the ordinary mode of husking corn produces. The machine will be on exhibition at the Fair this week, (in the new building in rear of the State House,) and we invite the attention of farmers, mechanics, and enterprising men of capital who are interested in the purchase of patent rights, to it. We are well acquainted with the gentleman who owns the right for this State, and which we understand he would dispose of on advantageous terms, (as he is engaged in other pursuits which precludes his giving that attention to the matter which it deserves and would otherwise receive,) and we can confidently recommend him to our friends as a man of strict integrity and honor.

**MURDER AND RIOT.** A Friend's Master commenced at Manchester, N. H., on the 14th of September, at which all New England was represented. Many thousands of men were assembled. In the course of the day, some frowns quarreled with the keepers of one of the gambling halls, and the quarrel spread and grew into a serious riot, involving more than a thousand persons. Some five fellows were sacked and revolvers and brickbats freely used, with little damage except to glass, furniture and liquor; but the property demolished amounted to some \$3000 in value. The riot commenced in the forenoon and exhausted itself late at night.

The prizes, ranging from \$400 to \$50, were taken by Mass.-chests and Rhode Island took the first prize was won by the "Alert," W. H. Windenham, Mass., which played 170 feet, drafting its own water and playing horizontally through 450 feet of hose. Two Maine companies competed—the "Dirigo Fire Association" of Portland, which played 110 feet, and the "Eagle" of Bangor, which played 139 feet. There were fifty-three contestants.

**ALLEGED MURDER BY AN AMERICAN SEAMAN.** The newspapers last week gave circulation to a statement that J. W. Moody, an officer of a ship belonging to Bath in this State, lately killed a seaman wantonly in one of the British ports. The Portland Advertiser says that the published account is an exaggerated and one-sided affair, and gives at length Moody's own statement, corroborated by Capt. Ansel L. Dyer, the master of the vessel. Moody says three of the crew refused his call to duty, and on his forcing them up from their bunks they were abusive and made fight, and that it was in defending himself against a pressing assault that he seized a bolt and struck one of the men a blow which resulted in his death. Capt. Dyer writes that he has succeeded in finding two very respectable witnesses who happened to be on board at the time, and they will testify to the facts in the case, and that Moody was acting on the defensive at the time the blow was given, as one of the men was threatening to cut him with his knife. The Advertiser speaks in the highest terms of the character and conduct of Capt. Dyer.

**MANUFACTURING IN LIVERMORE FALLS.** The voters of East Livermore, on Monday of last week, unanimously determined to exempt manufacturing corporations from taxation for ten years, in accordance with a recent statute.

**THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF REV. H. M. EATON'S School for Boys** will be observed at Kent's Hill on Thursday, 29th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. Address by Rev. H. C. LEONARD, of Waterville. Prize Declaration and other exercises of interest in the evening.

**THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OXFORD COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY** will be held at the Society's building between the Villages of Norway and South Paris, on Wednesday the 5th of October next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the choice of officers.

**MINERAL SPRING.** There is a Mineral Spring at North Leeds some forty rods East of Fox & Davis' store. The water is believed to contain Iron, Sulphur and Magnesia. It is attracting visitors.

**THE EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM AND JOSEPH EDWARDS** for the alleged murder of Mary Jane Verrell of Poland on Gray Plains eleven years ago, was concluded at New Gloucester Sept. 15th, and the prisoners discharged.

**MR. V. DARLING, Agent for the Maine Farmer** will call upon subscribers in Hancock County next month. Those in arrears are requested to make payment to him.

**A STARTLING TUGT!** Hundreds die annually from neglected coughs and colds, when, by the use of a single bottle of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, their lives could be preserved to a green old age.

**George Stevenson, a clerk in the dry goods store of Messrs. Odell & Turner, St. Andrews,** was drowned on Friday the 2nd inst., while bathing.

**The selectmen of Frankfort** have declared that there is no choice of representative in that town, each candidate receiving 402 votes.

**The Free Will Baptist Society of Saco** have purchased the Universalist church.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

MUSIC. OLIVER DITSON, 115 Washington st., Boston, has just issued the following music for the voice, with piano accompaniment:

Ever of thee, I'm fondly dreaming. Words by George Linley. Music by Edmonson. 25	Star of my hope. Words by Edmonson. 25
Fill the Wine Cup. Quartets. Bohemian. 10	Over the Waves we Float. Duets. S. Glover. 35
Morning Service. To Deum and Benedictus. 70	

Ditson has also issued a Polka Mazurka entitled "Genesee Falls" by Leopold Haek. 25.

**MISS-GOVERNMENT AND ITS ATTENDANTS.** The ugliest and most mischievous Miss we ever knew was Miss-Government.—Es. Paper.

Her sister, Miss-Management, is no beauty.—St. Louis Bulletin.

Miss-Duncheon surpasses them both; and while she is uglier and haughtier than either of her sisters, she is still constantly getting cut.—Lexington Express.

We have a decided feeling for Miss-Fortune. She is ever sticking her nose in where it is not wanted.—Jeff. Exam.

Among those unfortunate Misses may be placed Miss-Take, who is generally compelled to bear the blame for the acts of Miss-Government, Miss-Management, Miss-Fortune and sometimes Miss-Duncheon.—St. Charles Reveille.

Brother—you have overlooked the head of the tribe—the Magdalene of Misses who, in herself, contains every devil of them—chief of the Misses—Miss-Chief.

**A CENTRAL ITALIAN STATE.** The disposition of the people of Central Italy to coalesce has been so strongly manifested by recent events as to render it certain that unless France finds it expedient to use the weight of its authority against it, Sardinia, Lombardy, Tuscany and Modena will hereafter form one State, with a representative and liberal government. They would form a territory of 48,000 square miles, and ten millions of inhabitants. It is, however, expected that Parma would also be induced to join the new state. What would be formed a very respectable Power in Europe. If Sardinia was an object of dread to absolutism, how will Austria regard a neighbor more than twice as large, animated with the same political sentiment!

**MR. TORREY AND THE BEES.** The Bangor Whig says that on Monday last week, a bee-hive in the premises of Rev. Mr. Gilman, in Bangor, in the absence of the family, was attacked by some vicious bees, the cover torn off, honey stolen, and a general disturbance created among the bees, who were broken up in their home. The next day bees were about the neighborhood in an exasperated state, and putting the neighbors in fear of their stings. Recourse was had to Mr. R. S. Torrey, the celebrated apiarist, who visited the scene, and putting the hive in repair, called the bees home, and thus allayed the terror of the neighborhood.

**MALICIOUS BURNING.** The Eastern Sentinel states that a barn, belonging to Mr. Simon Stevens of Eastport, with its contents consisting of about seventeen tons of hay, two wagons, ice, about eight tons of ice, four lambs, and a number of farming utensils, was consumed by fire on Monday night of last week. A small building owned by Mr. Stevens and occupied as a store-house was so far consumed as to be valueless. The Sentinel thinks that the fire was set by some one who had taken offense at Mr. Stevens' activity in temperance prosecutions. There was no insurance on the property.

**A TIMELY SUGGESTION.** A Southern journalist, who was once employed in the ar



**Portland Rail-  
road.**  
between Augusta and Boston  
arrangements. On and after  
leave Augusta for Portland.

at 1.00 P. M. Bath for Bath, Brunswick,  
Bland for Bath, Brunswick,  
Bath for Bath, Brunswick  
Brunswick for Bath 1.15  
Augusta with the Somerset  
passengers from Wheelbarrow  
(Bangor, Ac. arriving at  
the 3 P. M., train to Boston  
and Bath at 9.00 A. M., and  
the Walden, Cab. Warren,  
Bath daily at 3.00 P. M.  
The Head and Small Point  
for Bethel and Rockland.

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... Nebraska, and the  
... over the route by the Min-  
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... hours.  
... all the principal offices of the  
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6m29

**FOR BOSTON.**  
... and Fast Steamer  
**BERN QUEEN,**  
... Master,  
... Boston the coming season,  
... however, until further notice,  
... 743; gardiner at 3; Rich-  
... M.  
... North Wharf, Boston, every  
... week.  
... well, PARROTT & BRAD-  
... tration any one on account

16

**ND AND BOSTON!**  
and Favorite Steamer  
**F. SECOR,**  
**K. Master,**  
and, (until further notice) on  
Fridays, at 9 o'clock; Hal-  
lchmon at 12, and Bath at  
Boston connect with the Bos-  
passengers 3 hours' time in  
for the Boston Train for Saco,  
for Acamite and Intermediate

Saturdays, at 7 o'clock A. M.  
bill and gardener to Portland,  
50 cts. From Bath to Port-  
Hallowell to Bath, 50 cts.;  
from Richmond to Bath, 25  
cts. as by any other route to  
Portland and Boston. Also to  
and from Sacoons from Port-  
land; A. H. Howard, Ha-  
vona, F. Robinson, Richmond;  
Savage, Portland.

16

and the best Importing House  
in the world, style of *Ermine Coats*,  
**LOWTIES**  
and ad beauty, and style of finish  
r. They have been thus far  
and at their only hope of sur-  
vival to all, they will spare no  
in some degree, a continuous  
have been all, however. Give them  
**DOLLIVER & DAVIS.**  
20

**Vinegar!**  
Wholesale and Retail, also, a good as-  
sortment of Groceries, Bread of all kinds,  
Lard, Cakes, Cheese, Butter, &c., &c.  
100 LBS.  
100 LBS.  
Wholesale and Retail of all kinds—  
Groceries, Meats, Sausages, &c., &c.  
**ACKLE.**

ticks; Linen, Musketts, Hooks,  
 &c. &c. Ac. Ac.  
 sold cheap for cash by  
 J. H. WATER STREET, AUGUSTA.

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**Crinimmed Bonnets!**  
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**THE BEST!**  
**IN PRICES THE LOWEST!**  
 With a full assortment of French  
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 short notice.  
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 Six Mixtures, light and fancy  
 and Business Suits, which will  
 best style at very low prices.  
 & S. T. BOWWORTH.

10

**Important Invention.**  
**ATTENTION!**  
It protects your lines in winter.  
It cures, too, but is made by any com-  
mon make a common square box,  
and is easily managed.  
Sold by H. S. TORREY, Fifth St.,  
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tends his professional attention to  
Chronic diseases, Female  
Persons afflicted with Cancer  
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the challenge is the State in  
the opposite the Depot, in Win-  
of May 18. E. La Monte has  
an experience in the art of fish-  
ink, and water colors, and is  
in the country.  
Geographic Portraits, of any size,  
Also, Photographs copied and  
other Photographs, and enlarged  
on to order. Ambotypes at  
the art if desired. 27

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1000 Broadway, St. Paul, and Chicago  
1890-1891. Ambrosia, and  
Chicago 1891.

the time and attention to treating  
recurrent success for the last  
and about two years in  
he treated a large number of

W. Waterville with great success, that town to strongly solicit him to make a professional call, which he has been at the Williams House, W. Thursday, Sept. 21st and Ed; 5d; Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st; and has been the cause of many beneficial effects and success of his and Doolittle, Esq., merchant in St. W. Berry, Esq. Also to  
1867

side of the Pond, one and one-half  
acres, containing 10 acres, with  
50 acres woodland, 1/2 mile  
or so, as I am going West.  
NATHANIEL MAXFIELD  
4/25/20

or Sale.  
two and a half miles from the  
Depot, containing 100 acres  
of timber and a half house with  
a well and convenient for two  
for further particulars require  
STEPHEN S. ROBINSON  
26

and See  
received at F. E. SAGER'S, who  
DEEDS BOOKS for 15 cts.; also  
with books, for \$1.25.  
SAGER, Water Street, 3 Doors  
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**BEERS, LEATHER,**  
**AND FINDINGS,**  
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**Wye House,**  
**Ladies.**  
Cashmere Shawls cleaned white  
Silk and Woolen dresses dyed in  
Silk, &c.  
as being ripped. Articles for  
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**E. Holtz**; **Bath, Miss Hodges**,  
1147  
**US wish to employ an active reli-**  
**cation of the State to travel and**  
**D TOBACCO,**  
**of \$600 to \$800 per year.** Partic-  
**ularians apply in address,**  
**to, CARY & SMITH,**  
**State, 419 Pearl St. New York.**



## The Muse.

## HOW THE MONEY GOES.

BY JOHN G. BAKER.

How goes the money? Well,  
The sure it's not hard to tell.  
It goes for rent and water rates,  
For bread and butter, coal and grain,  
Hats, caps and carpets, boots and shoes,  
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Nay,  
Don't everybody know the way?  
It goes for bonnets, coats and caps,  
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,  
Shawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows,  
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Sure,  
I wish the money were fewer;  
It goes for presents, goods for beds,  
For points, penance, and good-byes,  
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Now,  
I've scarce begun to tell you how;  
It goes for lace, feathers, rings,  
Toys, dolls, and other baby things,  
Whips, whistles, canies, bells and bows,  
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? Come,  
I know it didn't go for run;  
It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes,  
It goes for charity and kindred pins,  
For public and private sales,  
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? There,  
I'm out of patience, I declare!  
It goes for playing and dancing pins,  
For public and private sales,  
For hollow shams and silly shows,  
And that's the way the money goes!

## The Story Teller.

## THE BACK CLOSET IN THE SOUL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was there, but to find it you would have to mount "many pairs of winding stairs," and wander through gilded chambers, and culminated halls and fair vistas galleries, such as made the soul of Mary Hammond a mansion of grace and beauty; but in a dark passage, "easily passed," stood that back closet, and on its door was written that foul and hateful name—*Jealousy*. Nobody suspected this; least of all, she who bore it day by day in her soul—bore it through her young, sweet life, so filled with kindly deeds and words that it was like a box of spearmint, perfumeing the air about it.

Mary Hammond was an orphan, and she had just passed by her twenty-four birthday. Her father and mother had slept half a dozen years in the little village of Maywood, good, honest, God-fearing people, who had bequeathed to their children their unblemished names and sterling virtues. She was not beautiful, Mary Hammond. She had not a single regular feature, and yet there was a great charm about her face. The sweet, tremulous mouth had such a variety of smiles, and the clear, "swift, glancing eyes" corroborated the mouth. The forehead, over a broad, finely-developed "sphere of faculties," and her conversation at once proved its possession. She had resided in the city four years, and taught school in a large private seminary during all this time, thus defraying her own small expenses, and assisting her only brother through college.

Edward Hammond was not quite two years his sister's senior. During his boyhood and early youth he had been the victim of disease, which inhibited him from all the physical exercise and development that make up so much of the joy of early youth, and his life was an introverted, abstracted one, his books and his dreams forming his only pabulum. But there were will and purpose in that silent, pale-faced boy, as any one who knew by studying the sharply-cut but susceptible mouth and the eyes that occasionally flashed out of them. Edward had his sister's style of features, harder and more intellectual, for hers were softened and vivified by a wealth of deep and active affections. He had a very robust constitution, or it must have yielded in that long warfare with disease which occupied the first twenty years of his life. Then his constitution rallied, and slowly there dawned on him the hope of entering college—the great dream of his life.

Edward had been his sister's idol. She had responded with her warm, sympathetic nature to the dreams of his boyhood; she had been his nurse, his comforter, his inspirer through all those long, low days of suffering, when he lay on the lounge in the sitting-room of the small white cottage, which had been their home, in Maywood.

Mary had taught school two years in the academy, when her pastor secured Edward's entrance to college, through the aid of some friends of the former, who offered him a situation as private tutor, for which the young man's previous studies had qualified him. Mary also procured a situation in the city, which enabled her so far to assist her brother that he had graduated at college, and had now nearly completed his professional studies.

And Mary Hammond was now a proud and happy sister—aye, more, a loved and loving woman, the betrothed wife of Marcus Woodley, the son of the rich capitalist on Wall Street.

It was strange. Mary could hardly believe it, when the proud and fastidious man first told her, that his heart had turned from all the dazzling and accomplished women who frequented his father's palace-home to the little soft-voiced school-teacher. Mary had called there occasionally to see her youngest sister, her favorite pupil, and so the two were brought together. Mary Hammond was very unlike all women that Marcus Woodley had met before, unlike them in her earnest simple-heartedness, in her high principles, and her deep, even sense of human responsibility. Then her mind opened to him now, fresh vistas of thought and feeling from the time he first met her, and she became to his life like a spring by the roadside, filling it full of sweet songs and refreshment.

Marcus Woodley's family was an old and a proud one, and he was an only son; and it was not surprising that his parents and older sister regretted that he had not chosen a wife from his own social station. They were polite, but not cordial to Mary, and her quick, sensitive nature felt acutely the somewhat patronizing manner the old people assumed towards her. But this she thought of as minor evils. She was the only daughter of her father, and she was a beauty of a lofty, imposing style. Though scarcely above a medium height, there was something in the carriage of that delicate Grecian head, in the proud moulding of the still, perfect features, that gave her a manner a physiognomy of haughty and authority which the girl rarely did not feel. Then her character was unlike Mary's—perhaps on the whole not so fine a one. The springs of feeling lay still and deep, and seldom broke up to the surface in impulsive acts or caresses; but they were there, making green and bright the soul of Evelyn Woodley.

The young lady had, like her parents, been disappointed with her brother's election; but she had been thrown in contact with her future sister-in-law, the more she had been attracted towards her, and Evelyn had, during the last six months, conceived an attachment for the school-teacher which the latter little suspected.

Then, too, Edward Hammond had been thrown

considerably in Miss Woodley's society, and that lady had manifested an interest in the pale young student which had stimulated the jealousy of several of her admirers. Mary, who was proud of her brother, and justly so, did not perceive any marked preference in Evelyn's attentions, and thought the young lady showed her brother only that amount of courtesy which the relations existing between the two families demanded. For herself, she never felt at ease in the presence of the proud, old Evelyn Woodley.

"I hope we shall have a pleasant day for it," And Marcus sauntered up to the little group of guests which had assembled itself in one of the deep alcoves of the parlor.

"I think we all join cordially in your hope, and the night seems to prophesy it," stole up the soft voice that was to the young man the sweetest sound on earth.

"Ah, Mary, you never were the least bit of a weather prophet," interposed her brother.

"But Miss Woodley is," answered Dr. Wise, who had established himself next to the young lady, and was assiduously fanning her. He was a young man, who prided himself vastly on his youth and antecedents, but with no depth of mind or heart, with nothing to recommend him, but certain surface adjuncts, while his character was thoroughly penetrated by his own self-conceit. His mother and Mrs. Woodley had been friends from childhood; hence he was on quite a familiar footing with the family, was a great admirer of Evelyn, and arrogated a claim to that young lady's society which her regard for his mother and sisters prevented her from repelling.

"Oh, don't apply to Evelyn," laughed the lady's brother. "She's a most lugubrious prophetess, unless she's altered very much since those old mornings when I had the responsibility of taking her to school, and a cloud as large as a man's hand was sure to purchase her absence."

"Ah, but, Marcus, I didn't want to go to school, and I do want to go to Greenwood to-morrow, so I prophesy the bluest of skies, the brightest of sunsets." And, as the lady raised her head, a breeze dropped from her arm, and fell with a sharp snap against the side of her chair, and then bounded to the floor.

Dr. Wise picked it up and restored it to her, with a good deal of embarrassment in the act.

"Oh, I wonder if it is injured," anxiously inspecting the cluster of diamonds set like a star in its centre. "It was papa's birthday present, and I value it more than any jewelry I possess. How shall I thank you, Doctor?"

"By permitting me to accompany you to Greenwood to-morrow, Miss Evelyn; that is, if you don't chance to be engaged to our friend Hammond."

The ride to Greenwood for the next day had been projected during the evening by the guests. They were not more than a dozen, and it was tacitly arranged that Edward should accompany Evelyn, and so understood on both sides, although neither had made anything but general arrangements. The young doctor, however, owed Edward a grudge for the attentions he had bestowed on a lady whose regards he wished entirely to appropriate himself.

Evelyn turned towards Edward Hammond, and a light flash wavered in her fair cheek. The Doctor's eyes followed the glance, but Edward remained silent, only the still mouth settled down more firmly, and there was something of defiant scorn in the outflashing eyes. He was annoyed by the Doctor, and pained at the manner in which Evelyn accepted his attentions; so of course he was in that frame of mind which always makes a man unjust to a woman; and then there flashed across him the thought that the lady might prefer the Doctor's escort to his own, and the sharp sting that followed the thought began the half-discouraged reply: "Miss Woodley must answer for herself."

An indignant blush crept up to the forehead of Evelyn Woodley. She raised her head haughtily. "Certainly am not aware of any engagement between Mr. Hammond and myself which prevents my accepting your invitation, Dr. Wise."

"How fortunate it was for me that that bracelet from your arm, Miss Evelyn, so that I could claim my reward!" And the Doctor glanced with malicious triumph towards his rival.

Marcus had been summoned from the room at the commencement of the conversation, but Mary had listened to every word of it, and the flickering shadow in the eyes that met her brother's told him better than her words could just what she thought of it.

But at that moment the guests were summoned to supper.

"I see perfectly well how it is," mused Mary to herself, as she walked rapidly up and down the tasteful little parlor of her private boarding-place. Bright wings of sunshine flattered like flocks of golden birds about her, sweet woodland breezes wandered up the heart of the city and into her room, but those did not fill as usual the soul of Mary Hammond with rejoicing. A little dissatisfaction hung over the brow and about the mouth, and her fingers worked uneasily amid the loops of her pink dressing-gown, as the little girl hurried quickly to and fro, and yet every quick movement, yes, the small presence, showed that God and herself had made Mary Hammond that most undefinable, yet most lovely and perfect thing, a lady!

"I see how it is," went over the words in her thoughts. "Evelyn Woodley evidently felt ashamed to be seen in the society of the poor young student, Edward Hammond, and so she was willing to resign him for my, and insult him before, that miserable compound of silliness and conceit, Dr. George Wise! I presume she thinks that she has suffered mortification enough in having her brother descend, as he has done, to engage himself to a school-mistress; and now—oh, how she burns the school, if it had been myself, I could have done it! I thought he was to accompany you," asked Marcus Woodley of his sister, as soon as Dr. Wise had taken his leave, after their return from Greenwood.

"You were quite mistaken, then. The party was projected last evening in Mr. Hammond's presence, but I made no engagement to accompany him."

Evelyn's tone of marked indifference irritated her brother, especially as the thought flashed into his mind that some fancied neglect of her brother might have occasioned Mary's refusal.

"Well, all I've got to say is that, if you haven't any more taste than to prefer that combination of froth and folly to a man of Edward Hammond's mind and heart, I'm sorry for you," said Marcus Woodley's lip curled haughtily, as she smoothed her dainty kid gloves. "I was not aware before that I was unwelcome to anybody for the society of my choosing." And she moved towards the door.

Marcus felt that he had gone a little far, for words like these were not common between brother and sister, and he replied, half apologetically: "Well, perhaps you are not, Eva, but I think you owe something to the brother of Mary for my sake, and she refused to accompany me this afternoon, without assigning any reason for it."

He thought she was much affronted with his words, because she left the room without replying to them; but as she went up stairs, in her slow,

your own bones, just so far as is consistent with womanly dignity and self-respect. You will never, if it be possible, come between Marcus Woodley and his mother and sister, remembering all ways the tender relations they bear towards him; and you will endeavor by word and act to make peace and love all about you, as one who must give account thereof at the judgment!"

So the thoughts went on in the back closet and the broad chambers of the soul of Mary Hammond.

"Now get on your things, my dear; the party will wait for us." Marcus Woodley said this, the moment after he dashed into the parlor and stole a couple of kisses from the blushing cheek of his betrothed.

"Thank you Marcus; but you must excuse me this afternoon. I cannot go."

The young man sprang back in amazement, and looked at the sweet face. "Not going! what does this mean, Mary?"

"I can't tell you why, Marcus. You have faith enough in me to believe it is for a good and sufficient reason, and that it pains me more to decline your invitation than it can you to hear me."

A shadow fell over the man's face. "But, Mary, shouldn't you, too, have faith enough in me to tell me the reason of this disappointment?"

"You had best tell him," leaped a thought to the lady's mind. "It will avert all unpleasant feeling from yourself, and of course make him see his sister's conduct in its true light."

But is this the part of a peace-maker, Mary? Is it suffering rather than doing wrong? And this last thought, born in some goodly chamber beyond, decided Mary.

"There are reasons, Marcus, true and good ones, why I cannot tell you. Now don't look so disappointed, or I shall take a moment's comfort for the next week!"

Marcus Woodley gazed his under lip to keep down the flush of anger that would have broken out in bitter words, for the girl's conduct seemed injustice to him. "I wonder if this isn't some foolish woman's whim, Mary. At all events, it's quite incomprehensible to me, and I've been promising myself an afternoon of such enjoyment. It's too bad!"

The words pained her more than she chose to let him see. "It won't be too bad." Something shut down the words in her throat here. Marcus saw well.

"Well, we'll make the best of it, pusey, seeing your resolve. I must still be allowed to fancy you've gotten some crochets into that cranium of yours, which I could very easily dislodge if I could get hold of it. But I must be off, or I shall miss the party."

"Oh, Marcus, can't you stay here with me this afternoon?"

"Most gladly I would do it, but it won't do to break my engagement."

"Even if I haven't conscience enough to keep mine?"

He laughed, as she penetrated his thoughts so acutely. "Well, I forgive you for this once, though I warn you not to try my amiability another time," playfully pinching her chin; and then putting down his cheek for a kiss, he hurried away.

Mary watched her lover from the window as he sprang into the carriage and bent his proud head to her before it rolled away. She felt that he had treated her more generously than she deserved, for his disappointment had not been a light one; and then, recalling all the pleasure she was denying him and herself, she sat down, and buried her face in her hands, and warm tears showered through the fingers of Mary Hammond. She heard a quick footstep along the corridor, and sprang up just as her brother entered the room.

"Why, yes, aren't you going to Greenwood this afternoon?"

"No; I've concluded to stay at home with you, dear, this afternoon."

There was something strange in her voice; he turned and looked at the tear-swollen face that bent over the table, and Edward Hammond understood in a moment that it was for love of him that his sister had made this sacrifice!

He went to her and drew her down on his knee. "Mary, you are the best sister that ever a man had."

"Don't tell me that, Edward," she bowed her head on his shoulder, and a new tide of tears flashed into her eyes.

"She's foolish, sensitive little girl to take her brother's feelings to heart so," said the young man, as he stroked the bands of soft brown hair.

"She should have gone to Greenwood, and had a delightful afternoon with Marcus, and forgotten all about everything else."

"To think, to think, Evelyn, I never suspected a word of all this," murmured Mary; and then something of the old archness darted across her face. "Oh, but you were a silent pair of lovers!"

"It was all my fault," answered Evelyn. "Pride has always been my besetting sin; God showed it to me in that hour!"

She shuddered, and then her great eyes, laden with loving tenderness, sought the married face she longed to cover with her kisses.

"And it has been mine, too. God has sent me a message also this day," answered Edward Hammond, solemnly.

"And me one, too, Edward, Evelyn," interposed Mary; and then she went on, for it was a time of showing heart to heart, disclosing all the wrong thoughts and unkind feelings which she had cherished towards her brother's betrothed, and how she had wronged Evelyn with unworthy suspicions, supposing that she regarded the poor young student as quite beneath her respectful notice. "You will forgive me now, Evelyn! I am sorry and ashamed of it."

"Forgive you? Oh, Mary, it was all my own fault!"

"Well," said the invalid, smiling on them both, "I suppose we all have dark passages and by-places in our souls, to which God sends the light sometimes, in an hour of terror and suffering, that thereby we may know ourselves and take heed."

"Yes, and He has shown me this day a back closet in my soul, on which was written *Jealousy*."

"See here, old fellow," exclaimed Marcus Woodley, bursting suddenly into the room, in that bright, sudden way which all knew was assumed to conceal deeper feelings, "you've been giving me a tremendous fright this morning. A pretty business, truly, for you to go out on a drive, have your carriage dashed to pieces, and yourself picked up for dead." And he grasped Edward's hand and swung it. "And then, when I got home, I learned that a certain young lady—glancing at Evelyn—had gone into the city spasms when she heard the news. Mamma said she trembled for her reason, and that she rose herself away from her, and rushed out of the house like one suddenly mad, though I find her here in full possession of her senses."

"Oh, Marcus, don't go on with this nonsense. We ought to thank God that Edward was not killed," said his sister, humbly.

"And how do you know but I did so all the way coming up here, Evelyn?"

stately way, the cheeks of Evelyn Woodley were stained with tears.

"Is he killed? Or is he killed?"

"Ah, white as her brother's lips," which looked as though they had settled into the darkness of death, were poor Mary Hammond's, as she asked the question.

"We don't think that he is, Miss," answered the men, who held that lifeless form at the front door; "but he's been thrown from a carriage half an hour ago, and the doctor'll be here in a moment." So they carried him into the house, and Mary tottered after them.

In a moment the physician appeared. A very brief examination convinced him that his patient had not been killed by his fall, though he feared he had sustained some internal injury.

It appeared that Edward had been out for a short drive with a brother lawyer, and, somewhere in the suburbs of the city, the horse, a high-mettled creature, had taken fright and become totally unmanageable. He had plunged on furiously for about a quarter of a mile, and then dashed over a pile of bricks at one side of the road, and the gentlemen were both upset, and the light carriage was completely demolished.

The arm of Edward's friend was broken, and himself picked up lifeless by the workmen. A friend of the former happened to be at hand. A carriage was instantly procured, and the injured man conveyed home, as the young lawyer was able to give Edward's address, and his friend had gone instantly for a doctor, fearing the worst.

But Edward Hammond had not died, though the shock, sudden fall had made him insensible and knapped his forehead with terrible bruises.

"Mary, oh, Mary, is he not dead?"

The words palpitated out of her white lips, and there stood Evelyn Woodley, the proud, cold, stately woman, with a shawl gathered carelessly about her shoulders, and a wild, terrified look in her great brown eyes, that fairly made Mary shudder.

"The physician says not, though they have not yet restored him. Do as I demand, and I will come back to you in a moment."

"Sit down! Oh, Mary, let me see him! By the thousand deaths I have suffered in the last half hour, let me see him!" And she wrung her hands and lifted up her blanched face pitiably.

"Yes, you shall see him; follow me." And Mary Hammond led the way, in a vague bewilderment of wonder, for the recent shock that she had undergone had fairly benumbed her senses.

"Edward! Edward!" She sprang forward, with a wild, greedy cry, to the bed where the man lay, with his face like the face of the dead; and she was utterly unconscious of the physician or the attendants, for the agony of the last half hour had defied its way through "the law of artificial reserve" to the fountains of living tenderness, which lay deep and holy in the heart of Evelyn Woodley.

"You are not dead, darling, though they told me you might be. Only look up to me once more, and say that I am forgiven for all my foolish pride and folly. Oh, I know that you loved me all the time, as I did you, better than my own life, and now to see you lying here! Oh, how has God punished me for my sin and madness!" And she put her arms around his neck, and her tears fell in hot rain on the wounded cheeks.

And at this moment Edward Hammond opened his eyes. A shudder of returning sensibility went over him, and then his glance fell on the beautiful, tear-drenched face that leaned over him, the face framed up and hung away where no eye had seen it, in his strong, brave heart. He knew no more than Evelyn at that moment; that there were many wondering and filled eyes around his bed. He only felt that the woman of his long, silent loving life beside it, and, lifting his arms, he drew her face close, close to his own, and kissed it for the first time.

Three hours had passed. Mary and Evelyn sat alone in the sick man's chamber, and each of his hands had clasped one of theirs, while sweet smiles and sweeter tears told many stories which lips could not tell on all their faces.

"To think, to think, Evelyn, I never suspected a word of all this," murmured Mary; and then something of the old archness darted across her face. "Oh, but you were a silent pair of lovers!"

"It was all my fault," answered Evelyn. "Pride has always been my besetting sin; God showed it to me in that hour!"

She shuddered, and then her great eyes, laden with loving tenderness, sought the married face she longed to cover with her kisses.

"And it has been mine, too. God has sent me a message also this day," answered Edward Hammond, solemnly.

"And me one, too, Edward, Evelyn," interposed Mary; and then she went on, for it was a time of showing heart to heart, disclosing all the wrong thoughts and unkind feelings which she had cherished towards her brother's betrothed, and how she had wronged Evelyn with unworthy suspicions, supposing that she regarded the poor young student as quite beneath her respectful notice. "You will forgive me now, Evelyn! I am sorry and ashamed of it."

"Forgive you? Oh, Mary, it was all my own fault!"

"Well," said the invalid, smiling on them both, "I suppose we all have dark passages and by-places in our souls, to which God sends the light sometimes, in an hour of terror and suffering, that thereby we may know ourselves and take heed."

"Yes, and He has shown me this day a back closet in my soul, on which was written *Jealousy*."

"See here, old fellow," exclaimed Marcus Woodley, bursting suddenly into the room, in that bright, sudden way which all knew was assumed to conceal deeper feelings, "you've been giving me a tremendous fright this morning. A pretty business, truly, for you to go out on a drive, have your carriage dashed to pieces, and yourself picked up for dead." And he grasped Edward's hand and swung it. "And then, when I got home, I learned that a certain young lady—glancing at Evelyn—had gone into the city spasms when she heard the news. Mamma said she trembled for her reason, and that she rose herself away from her, and rushed out of the house like one suddenly mad, though I find her here in full possession of her senses."

"Oh, Marcus, don't go on with this nonsense. We ought to thank God that Edward was not killed," said his sister, humbly.

"And how do you know but I did so all the way coming up here, Evelyn?"

"Yes, you shall see him; follow me." And Mary Hammond led the way, in a vague bewilderment of wonder, for the recent shock that she had undergone had fairly benumbed her senses.

"Edward! Edward!" She sprang forward, with a wild, greedy cry, to the bed where the man lay, with his face like the face of the dead; and she was utterly unconscious of the physician or the attendants, for the agony of the last half hour had defied its way through "the law of artificial reserve" to the fountains of living tenderness, which lay deep and holy in the heart of Evelyn Woodley.

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## A MOLTEN RIVER.

Professor Haskell, of Oahu College, Sandwich Islands, lately visited the volcano of Mauna Loa, with the officers and about twenty students of the college. He gave a vivid description of the majestic river of lava flowing from the mountain to the sea.

Descending by the stream of lava, we were able to follow it on its south side, as a strong wind was blowing from that direction. Here we found good walking, and could approach within a few feet of the channel. The width of the stream was from twenty to one hundred feet, and some of the parties thought its velocity was one hundred miles per hour. Pieces of cold lava thrown into it would sink, and melt almost instantly.

For eight or ten miles the stream presented a succession of cascades, rapids, curves and eddies, with an occasional castrat. The stream had built up its own banks on either side, and had added to the depth of its channel by melting at the bottom. In consequence of its immense velocity and imperfect mobility, its surface took the same shape as the ground over which it flowed.

In several places for a few feet the course of the stream was an ascent of from five to ten degrees, in one instance of twenty-five. Where the turns in the stream were abrupt the outside of the stream was much higher than the inside. So much was this the case, that the outside sometimes curved over the inside, forming a spiral.

The clinkers are always formed by deep streams, and generally by wide ones, which flow sluggishly, become dammed up in front by the cooling of the lava and in some instances cooled over the top, forming, as it were, a pond or lake. As the stream augments beneath, the barriers in front and the crust on the surface are broken up, the pieces are rolled forward and coated over with melted lava which cools and adheres to them more or less. Then, from the force of the melted lava, behind and underneath, the stream rolls over and over itself. In this way a bank of clinkers ten or forty feet high, resembling the embankment of a railroad, is formed. Often at the end of the stream no liquid lava can be seen, and the only evidence of motion is the rolling of the jagged rocks of all sizes down the front of the embankment. Sometimes the stream breaks through this embankment and flows on for a time, until it gets clogged up again, and then the same process is repeated. In this latter case, the outbursting stream often carries, as it were, on the back immense masses of clinkers, which look like hills walking. We found no clinkers until we reached the plain, and it would seem that none are formed, except where the descent is but little, or the lava but imperfectly melted.

**COME DOWN TO YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES.**

And, when you have succeeded in effecting the difficult, but in no wise dangerous descent, remain there. The cool air of the place will not hurt you. On the contrary, it will do you a world of good. The fever and heart-burn which afflicted you, you will feel no more when once you have actually "come down to your circumstances."

"But what a man to do that has but three or four dollars a week to live on?" sounds out in a dispirited answer to our injunction. You must live inside of four dollars, if that is all you have. If you don't do it, the debts that will accumulate will kill the courage all out of you. If you do it, the very minute that you can manage to obtain higher pay you will begin to enjoy the feeling which plenty begets. Nobody knows how good six dollars a week seems, so well as he who has for a long time contrived to live on four, or even less.

The chief affliction and misery of poverty is the tormenting desire to have more than you can get, and the shame there is in asking that you may deny yourself many things that all about you possess. To those who care chiefly for externals, this is a very great trouble; but do not let your life consist in the abundance of the things that you possess, nor your destruction be the lack of the goods of this world. Work faithfully and patiently; get ahead as fast as you can, and as you get ahead keep down to your means; and, soon or late, success, honor and happiness will certainly be yours.—N. Y. Ledger.

**THE LIGHT HOUSE.**

The Light House is the subject of Mr. Everett's 38th Mount Vernon Paper in the *Ledger*, from which we quote the following passage:

"I confess I never behold one of those noble buildings without emotion, I am almost said without reverence, especially when guided by it in safety along an iron-bound coast or between sunken ledges, to the desired haven. Piloted by its trusty steersman, streaming over the midnight waters, the skillful navigator shrugs boldly along with the hundred rods of some grey promontory, on which the storms of fifty centuries have roared and burst. He has not perhaps for a week had an observation of the sun, but that friendly light in making land shows that he is not mistaken. Unlike most other works of public utility, it is not built for the exclusive benefit of the country at whose expense it is erected. Its light is kindled for all mankind, like the sun which rises on the evil and on the good. In storm and in calm, in summer and in winter, for friend and enemy, citizen and alien, a landmark by day and a beacon by night, it stands and shines a beauty and a blessing."

A more pleasing spectacle is not to be seen on the earth than a revolving or intermittent light, which disappears for a few seconds; then sparkles white or red; beams out gradually to its full illumination; wanes and disappears but to return; seen of a moonless night upon some lonely promontory which rears its grim buttresses from the moaning waters, and enabling the homeward bound vessel to thread its way to its destined port through narrow channels and roaring breakers, regardless of the tempest ready to burst from the overhanging cloud."

**WILL IT PAY.**

The above is a very common question,—a very proper one, too,—a very one admits. We purpose to notice some things that "won't pay."

It won't pay to "make haste to be rich" at the expense of health, happiness and intellect. The man that starves his mind because he is too stingy to purchase books, will find out by-and-by that it won't pay. The man who denies himself the luxury of good family papers, because, as he says, he is too poor to afford them, will find he is pursuing the wrong course—it won't pay. The man who works like a slave from morn till night, year in and year out, makes his children do the same, and never takes any recreation, must find to his sorrow, sooner or later, that it did not pay. The man who cheats his neighbor to increase his own store, and oppresses the fatherless and widow, will find that it didn't pay.

The man who cultivates the soil with the same implements his father used forty years ago, will find it